

Oops...! I Killed Someone Last Summer p.2

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Part Two

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>Justin Timberlake drove up to Britney's house with his friend, Brian Littrell from the Backstreet Boys. Justin had driven to Brian's place to get some pizza with him and his girlfriend, Britney. But Justin was late to Brian's house-he said that he had car trouble.<br>

>"She didn't meet us there-maybe she's not talking to you," Brian said. <br>

>"Yeah, right," Justin laughed. "She'd better be talking to meâ€¦if she wants to get some tonight."<br>

>"I think you're the only one worried about that," Brian replied.<br>

>"Whatever," Justin climbed out of the car and walked up to Britney's house.<br>

>He found that the door was wide open.<br>

>"Hey, man, why is the door open?" Brian asked.<br>

>"I-I don't know," Justin ran into the house and started screaming.<br>

>Brian came in behind him and saw Britney's mutilated body lying on the carpet. He cried out and stumbled back.<br>

><br>"I can't believe she's dead," Justin said.

><br>"Who could have done this?" Britney's best friend, Christina Aguilera asked.

><br>Christina had been friends with Britney, Justin, and JC Chasez ever since the Mickey Mouse Club. She had just arrived at Britney's house, where her best friend's body was being carried out in a body bag.

><br>"That's what I'm here to find out," A voice from behind Christina said.

><br>Christina whirled around and saw Gerri Storm, the reporter for

News Story, standing behind her holding a microphone. Her cameraman, Kenan had been filming Christina and Justin's entire conversation.

><br>"What do you want, Gerri?" Christina demanded.

><br>"To find the truth, Cris," Gerri smiled.

><br>"Oh, you mean the distorted version of the truth that you put on TV?" Justin demanded. "Full of your lies and bullshit theories?"

><br>"Hey, watch your mouth little boy," Gerri said. "We're live here."

><br>"So, Gerri, how's the book coming?" Christina asked.

><br>"Fine," Gerri replied.

><br>"I can't wait to hear what really happened between me and Carson Daly," Christina continued. "I meanâ€|it has to be the truth. It's coming from you-and you never lie, do you? Never mind what I say. What you say is the only truth people need."

><br>"Uh, I guess," Gerri said.

><br>"I'll look for it when it comes out," Christina turned around and started walking away with Justin.

><br>"I'll send you a copy!" Gerri called after her.

><br>Christina whirled around angrily and lunged at Gerri. She pounced on the reporter, knocking her to the ground. Christina started scratching at Gerri's face. Justin pulled Christina off of Gerri.

><br>"Come on, Cris," Justin said. "Let's get out of here."

><br>As Christina left with Justin, Gerri stood up and dusted herself off.

><br>"Did you see that?" Gerri cried. "That bitch attacked me!"

><br>"Hey," Kenan told her. "Watch your mouth. We're live."

><br>"Oh, shut the fuck up," Gerri muttered.

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>Christina sat on the couch at Justin's house, with her friends surrounding her. Justin was sitting next to her, Brian was sitting in a chair, and Jessica Simpson was standing in the corner. She was on the phone with her boyfriend, Nick Lachey, who was going to arrive in town the next day for a photo shoot.<br>

>"So, who do you think is behind the murders?" Brian asked Justin.<br>

>"That's just it," Justin said. "I don't know-I mean, who would want to kill my Britney?"<br>

>Brian snickered.<br>

>"What's that supposed to mean?" Justin demanded.<br>

>"Nothing," Brian said quickly. "So, where's JC?"<br>

>"He's working on a song with Aaliyah for her new album," Justin replied.<br>

>"Really?" Christina asked. "I was wondering when that was coming out."<br>

>"Okay, I love you too," Jessica walked over to the couch and sat down.<br>

>She was still talking to Nick.<br>

>"No, you hang up first," Jessica giggled. "Noâ€|you hang up. Okay, on the count of three. Oneâ€|twoâ€|threeâ€|You were supposed to hang up! Well, I thought you were. Let's try it again. Oneâ€|two-"<br>

>Christina snatched the phone from Jessica and hung it up.<br>

>"Hey!" Jessica cried. "That was Nick?"<br>

>"Oops, were you talking?" Christina asked innocently.<br>  
>The phone ringing again interrupted them.<br>  
>"Oh, that's probably Nick," Jessica grabbed the phone. "He just misses me so much."<br>  
>"Hello?" Jessica answered. "Nick?"<br>  
>"I can see youâ€|" She heard someone whisper on the other end.<br>  
  
>"Huh?" Jessica was confused.<br>  
>"You didn't think anyone could find outâ€|" The caller whispered.<br>  
>"Who is this?" Jessica demanded.<br>  
>"Oopsâ€|! You didn't think I'd find out," The caller said. "I know who you killed last summer!"<br>  
>"Uh, who is this?" Jessica repeated.<br>  
>"Isn't this Jennifer Love Hewitt?" The caller asked.<br>  
>"Uh, no," Jessica said. "Her number is 555-6132."<br>  
>"Oh, sorry," The caller apologized.<br>  
>"That's okay," Jessica hung up the phone. "It was a wrong number."<br>  
>She handed Christina the phone. As Christina began to speak, the phone rang again.<br>  
>"Hello?" Christina answered the phone.<br>  
>"Can I speak to Justin?" JC was on the other end.<br>  
>"Sure," Christina said. "Justin, it's for you. It's JC."<br>  
>She handed him the phone.<br>  
>"Hello, JC?" Justin spoke into the phone.<br>  
>He heard a metallic click.<br>  
>"You wish it were JC!" The caller laughed. "Don't forget to set the alarm!"<br>  
>"What?" Justin demanded.<br>  
>"Oopsâ€|! Wrong line, I'm going to call you back," The caller said. "Just pretend it's JC, okay?"<br>  
>"Uhâ€|okay," Justin hung up the phone.<br>  
>The phone rang again and Justin picked it up.<br>  
>"Hello-uh, do you still want me to pretend you're JC?" Justin asked.<br>  
>"Dammit!" The caller cried. "You're not supposed to-give Christina the phone."<br>  
>"Why?"<br>  
>"Just hang up the goddamn phone and give it to her!"<br>  
>Justin hung up the phone and handed it to Christina.<br>  
>"Who was it?" Christina asked.<br>  
>"Uhâ€|I think it was my mom," Justin replied.<br>  
>The phone rang again. Christina answered it.<br>  
>"Hello?" She was annoyed.<br>  
>"Look-I'm not gonna waste time," The caller said. "I'm going to kill Will Smith next, okay?"<br>  
>"Uhâ€|who is this?" Christina was confused.<br>  
>"God! You're all a bunch of fucking idiots!" The caller shouted.<br>  
  
>They hung up the phone.<br>  
>"Who was it?" Justin asked.<br>  
>"Your mother," Christina replied. "She sounded drunk."<br>  
>"That shit only calls when she's drunk," Justin replied.<br>  
  
><br>"I don't give a damn about no fucking homeless kids," Will Smith shouted into the phone. "My autograph costs moneyâ€|I don't give a fuck! I'll cuss if I want to-I don't care if it's bad for my goddamn image...You know what, let me speak to Anthony-I don't like youâ€|Yeah, well, fuck you too."

><br>Will hung up the phone and continued driving down the street. He was on the way home to meet his wife for a romantic night. Their son was staying with Will's mom. Suddenly, the phone rang again.

><br>"Hello?" Will answered the phone.

><br>"I can see your wifeâ€|" Someone on the other end whispered.

><br>"Mrs. Timberlake?" Will demanded. "I told you not to call here again. I don't go in for that kind of sex."

><br>"I'm going to kill your wifeâ€|" The caller whispered. "After I kill you."

><br>"Yeah, sure," Will said.

><br>"Can you guess where I-" Will cut off the caller by hanging up the phone.

><br>He looked up and saw that he was nearing a red light, so he slowed down. As soon as he stop the car at the light, he glanced into his rearview mirror and saw his someone in a Ghostface mask sitting in his back seat.

><br>"What the fuck-" Will cried out as the stranger pulled out a knife.

><br>They stabbed Will in the chest, then slid the knife out of his body. They stabbed him a few more times, then slit his throat. They wiped off their knife on his shirt, then climbed out of the car.

><br>The killer walked up to the corner and hailed a cab. They hopped in and looked up at the driver.

><br>"Uhâ€|take me to the library," They told the cab driver.

><br>"Mrs. Timberlake? Is that you?" The driver asked. "Look-I told you that you couldn't ride in this cab anymore."

><br>"I am not Mrs. Fucking Timberlake!" The killer shouted.

><br>"Okay, sorry," The cab driver said. "God-the weirdos you meet in L.A."

End  
file.